

THE GLENER

Vol. II.

No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

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John Milton.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE STUDENTS OF

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THE GLEANER

Vol. II.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 6.

A Sonnet to September.

Welcome, oh month of clear and sunny
skies,
Of fields of snowy buckwheat, and of
corn,
Of luscious grapes, and apples which we
prize,
And flowers, that perfume the air of
morn,
Of breezes which regale the spirits weak,
And minstrels that bathe in their war-
blings mild,
Of butterflies, which flitting at thy feet,
Recalls to mind that thou art Nature's
child.
Thrice welcome art thou! of all months
the best;
A golden crown thy kingly head shall
wear.
The throne left vacant lauds thee as its
guest,
And none other shall claim the regal
chair.
There reign in glory till a future day,
When for October sere thou shalt make
way.

ELMORE ISADORE LEE.

Bob Lewis---A Story of North Dakota.

Grgough!! Grgough!! Grgough!! What
is it that breaks the stillness of a wintry
night and sends the chill through the lis-
tener's spine, freezing the very marrow
of his bones? Grgough! Grgough! again
that sound. Is it the bark of a dog? Nay,
'tis the bark of the wolf—"man's foe."

Our story opens in the "Bad Lands,"
a secluded spot of North Dakota, where
wolves abound in packs, and where
human feet have rarely trod.

Bob Lewis was a mail-carrier in the
employ of the U. S. Government. He
was on his way to Brookdale, a distance
of about thirty miles. Mounted upon a
noble steed, with a great mail bag strap-
ped to his shoulders, and a brace of Colt's
revolvers and a large Bowie knife danc-
ing in his belt, he presents a striking
figure. It was in those days when the U.
S. Government lacked the advantages of
modern mail transportation. The only
way that mail was distributed was by
means of mounted mail-carriers, armed
to the teeth. Those were men, brave,
fearless, courageous, who in the courses
of their life were compelled to face death
many times. Men of such types only
and possessing such qualifications that
were accepted in the United States Ser-
vice. Such was Bob Lewis, a broad-
shouldered youth of nineteen, a type of
manly disposition and a perfect specimen
of the human physique.

He was the sole support of a widowed
mother and three children, of whom he
was the oldest. At the age of nine his
father, who was also a mail-carrier, met
a terrible death, being killed by wolves
on one of his journeys. Before his death
he had accumulated a little money which
enabled him to purchase a mortgaged
cottage and a little plot of land; but
which barely supported them. They so
continued for about ten years. Bob, who
was rapidly growing into manhood, work-
ed at intervals, thereby helping toward
their support. But this did not amount
to much. At length the little money that

they still possessed gave out, consequently falling in debt, and compelling them to give up their humble abode for a dingy shanty. Bob, who was at that time eighteen, now became the sole support of the family. He sought work that would enable him to support them, but without success. The surrounding neighborhood was exceedingly poor. Seeing that starvation would ensue if nothing was to be done, he resorted to the last and only means. He, without the knowledge of his mother, applied for a position as mail-carrier, and although of extreme youth he was readily accepted, this being mainly due to his extraordinary physique which befitted a man of twenty-five. Accordingly after being accepted he went to his mother, and in brief words told her of the step that he had taken. The mother hearing this was horrified, for former dark memories glided past her.

She shuddered as she remembered the cruel fate that had overtaken her husband. With most touching appeals she tried to dissuade him from this step, but all her imploring, all her supplications were in vain. He had firmly resolved, and his will was not to be bent. At last, seeing that this was the only means left for their support, she with a sad heart and gloomy forebodings reluctantly assented. He then accordingly entered the U. S. Service, his salary affording them a comfortable subsistence.

We now turn back to the beginning of our story. Bob has been sent to forward mail to Brookdale, a distance of about thirty miles. After kissing his mother and the children good-by, he mounts his steed and is off about 12.30 P. M. After a swift journey straining his horse to the utmost he reaches his destination about 5.30 P. M., the space of time being about four hours. Having taken refreshment and resting awhile he starts back for home. The sun had already sunken and the stars gradually began to appear in the sky. It was a brilliant, cloudless night, the stars shining and glittering

with exceeding splendor. He had already ridden about twenty-five miles when the silence of the night was broken by a deep gurgling growl—a sort of a bark. He instantly came to a standstill and straining his eyes he listened awhile, but hearing nothing further he concludes that it was nothing but the wind rustling through the trees. But proceeding further he now distinctly hears the same growl. He is not mistaken, for he plainly hears it in a distance coming from behind him. He quickly draws a revolver, determining to be prepared for any emergency. He turns in his saddle, peering in the darkness behind him. He catches sight of a pair of fiery eyes peering at him; but these soon disappeared. He had scarcely turned around when the same growl was repeated issuing from the sides and corresponding growls in front of him. He is wholly ignorant of the death trap into which he had fallen, and from which it was hard for one to extricate; nay, well nigh impossible. He digs his spurs into the horse's flanks urging it forward, thinking that it was probably a few roving wolves whom he could easily dispose of with his revolvers. At length the sounds died out and he was nearing home; he could almost see the lights of the town, when the same terrible growling again rings out amid the awful silence, but this time from every direction. He now fully realizes his perilous position; coming to a standstill he grasps his revolvers and looks cautiously around. The sight that met his eyes nearly froze his blood; coming at a terrific rate behind him were a pack of blood-thirsty wolves, surely about two dozen, with their eyes gleaming fiercely and their red tongues hanging out of their mouths. This sight was capable of unnerving the bravest of men. Bob quickly regains his cool disposition. He cocks his revolvers and empties their contents with lightning rapidity into the yelping pack. This took a telling effect, killing about four. The slain were instantly attacked by their ravenous com-

panions, who set about devouring them. This giving Bob time, he took advantage of it; driving his spurs into the horse's flanks he was off like the wind.

He was nearing the stream which lay directly beneath the steep elevation where the town was situated; he could see the stream with the aid of the reflection of the moon's rays. He had hope to reach the stream before the pursuing wolves could come up. He, therefore, urged his steed to a yet greater speed. But his hopes were soon crushed when a few hundred yards before him there suddenly emerged another pack of wolves greatly outnumbering the former. He could now distinctly hear the former, who had already devoured their comrades, emerge from behind. Now the yelping could be heard from all directions.

Those who are familiar with the characteristics of the wolves know that when very numerous they surround their victims on every side, thereby preventing all means of escape. Such was the present position of our hero. Having emptied his revolvers on all sides, driving them off occasionally and killing many, they were too numerous for his escape. Till now Bob was inspired with courage, but when his ammunition gave out, rendering his revolvers absolutely useless, he began to comprehend the position of his present circumstances. He was now in the jaws of death! An inward emotion suddenly impelled him to stop. His senses seemed to leave him. Former visions seemed to rise before him; the scene of the death of his father rose before him, and now the same cruel fate is awaiting him. He thought of his old mother, her entreaties, of his brother and sisters—he almost swooned at the thought of it. But now was not the time to think, it was a time to act. The yelping of the wolves who were now close upon him awoke him to his senses. Lacking ammunition, he grasped his Bowie knife. Just then two large ferocious wolves, apparently the leaders of the pack, leaped upon the

horse's back and planted their sharp teeth into his flesh. At this the animal gave vent to a snort of pain and gave a sudden lurch, which nearly unseated Bob, (this would have resulted in his sudden death) but with a superhuman effort he regained his seat, and turning in his saddle he dispatched both wolves with well directed slashes. Those were instantly devoured. Now he rushes madly onward towards the river, with the howling wolves at his heels.

Continued on page 12.



The New Student.

With the opening of college the older student sees before him additional studies and hard work. His college days are passing and he must put forth his best efforts to successfully pass the examinations; to gain knowledge so that he may be better prepared to receive the sterner lessons from the hard school of experience.

But it is especially hard for the new student, coming to a place where he is generally unknown. He has before him four long years, and wonders whether he will ever see their end. What a huge task! an almost impassable barrier; but he grits his teeth and determinedly says "I must."

It was hard for him to break home ties, and still harder for him to unite new ones. Probably his first move is to friendship, which at first is generally easy, as all students are bound by a certain amount of mutual friendship, which in the course of time either becomes strained or stringent. Thus many weary hours are passed in pleasant conversation, and long tiresome walks are made short and enjoyable by the presence of company.

Wealth and social position often play an important part in college life; both unite students in a bond of enduring friendship, who under different circumstances would never have met. He has the greatest respect for all until time brings each closer; and not until the cycle of changes finds him advanced to a higher station is he free from boyish pranks. It lies within our power to lessen the broad path which separates the educated from the uneducated, the perfect from the imperfect. March onward and upward forever! The attainments of your object depends upon your own individual efforts.

B. A. ZALINGER, '04.

THE GLEANER.

Published Monthly by the Students of the National
Farm School, Doylestown, Pa.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF,

Louis A. Hirschowitz, '03. George S. Borovik, '03.

Morris Levy, '04, Agricultural.

Elmore I. Lee, '04, Personal and Social.

Alexander Monblatt, '04, Athletics.

Harry Sadler, '04, Exchanges.

Business Manager,

MEYER GOLDMAN, '04.

Associate Business Manager,

ABRAHAM FREIDES, '05.

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EDITORIALS.

THE GLEANER.

It is with a full sense of the importance of the duties which have devolved upon us that we undertake the responsibility of publishing THE GLEANER. To make this journal the organ through which those interested in the welfare of the school may judge of the thoughts and deeds of its students will be our aim. Whatever arrangements we may make for the enlargement or betterment of our paper, we will always keep in view the policy as set forth in its initial issue, "that it should be the medium through which the students may give their thoughts expression."

* *

With the reorganization of the faculty the school has been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Washburn as Director, and Mr. Madison as Horticulturist.

Dr. Washburn has been connected with the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, as the President, for the past fourteen years. With his broad scientific knowledge and practical experience he has converted a scraggy piece of land into cultivated fields, with several buildings. For one to be connected with an institution for that period of time speaks well of him. It must have been with constant perseverance and great toil and effort that Dr. Washburn succeeded in bringing the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts up to a level with other institutions of similar character. To leave an excellent position for one full of cares and responsibilities, as the head of a comparatively unknown institution, is making a great and noble sacrifice. This, however, characterizes the man. Nothing but the purest motives actuated Dr. Washburn to make this change: the belief that there are great prospects for the future of the school.

As our Director we extend to him our best wishes. We hope that the friendly feeling and confidence which he has inspired within us will ever remain unbroken. We will all endeavor to do our best, remembering that in so doing we help to bring our school to a higher level.

* *

We are greatly indebted to Miss L. Abrahamson and the Beck Engraving Company, of Philadelphia, for the new cuts which grace the cover, Athletic and Personal and Social columns of THE GLEANER.

* *

In order to pursue special studies Fernand Leon has resigned his position as assistant business manager of THE GLEANER. A. Freides has been elected to succeed him. G. S. B.



Agricultural.



IN THIS department we will continue on the same lines as our predecessors have worked. Timely hints will be given concerning the care of both summer and winter blooming plants. Short articles will also be written epitomizing the work that is being done in the agricultural world and at the school.

During the past two months the students have been kept busily engaged with work in the fields, in the various departments on the farm. Cultivating the corn and the truck patches, harvesting the wheat, oats and pea crop and the digging of potatoes formed the greater part of their work.

The weather this year was very favorable for cereal crops and the loss that the farmers sustained in the failure of their hay crop was made up by the exceptionally good yield of grain. The eight and one-half acres of oats and peas yielded, on an average, fifty-five bushels to the acre. From the five acres of wheat we secured one hundred and sixty-nine bushels, an average of thirty-three bushels to the acre.

This year we commenced threshing shortly after harvesting. Threshing is regarded by many as being work of a most disagreeable nature; but its being disagreeable or not depends upon the length of time the grain is allowed to remain in the field after being cut. The students were given a practical illustration when our wheat and oats were threshed. The wheat was cut with our reaper and binder and hauled into the barn the next day. Threshing the wheat proved to be a pleasure to the students,

who were surprised to find very little dust.

Our oats were cut in the same manner, but were soaked by rain before they could be hauled into the barn. Threshing this time came up to the full expectation of the students. There was plenty of dust. The work was quickly done, however, the motive power used being a gasoline engine.

A most valuable acquisition to the farm department is a silo. It is a thing much needed on the farm. Some of the students are now engaged in building the foundation. The silo will then be completed by them.

An excellent donation to the school was in the form of two heavy draft horses and one light driving horse to add to our live stock. Too many thanks cannot be extended to the kind donor.

Improvements are being constantly made in our dairy. A turbine tester has been recently put in. It is a great improvement over the old hand tester, as more accurate results are obtained from it. The former is run by steam, while the latter indicates its own motive power.

HORTICULTURAL.

The resignation of Mr. Pope as Superintendent of the Horticultural Department came in the most inopportune time. A large amount of work was on hand and no suitable man could be secured to take his place. Nevertheless the work was done and all plans were successfully carried out. Competent students were placed in charge of the various jobs and with responsibilities placed upon their

shoulders they have accomplished the work with credit.

Alterations were made in the rose and carnation houses. The old stock was removed from the benches and the soil was taken out. A few benches in both houses were then lowered. After a thorough application of whitewash the benches were refilled with new soil and a new stock of plants was set in them. The rose house contains the American Beauty, Bride, Bridesmaids and Pearle variety of roses. The large variety of carnations which may be found in the carnation house are used for study purposes as well as for the market. The Crocker, White Cloud, Portia, Hill, Nelson and Bradt variety were placed in the benches this year.

Our flower garden as well as our truck patch are in excellent condition. A new strawberry patch will soon be completed.

Mr. Madison, a graduate of the Rhode Island Agricultural College, has been selected to succeed Mr. Pope as Horticulturist at the school. It is hoped that the amiable feeling which existed between Mr. Pope and the students will be the same with Mr. Madison. The students will help him to make this department one of the main features on the farm.

ALUMNI.

Another class, composed of six members, has successfully graduated from our school. Friends and supporters of the school are no longer in doubt as to the future welfare of this institution. Fourteen graduates, scattered over the "length and breadth" of the land, each one holding a responsible position, has proven to all the efficient worth of our school.

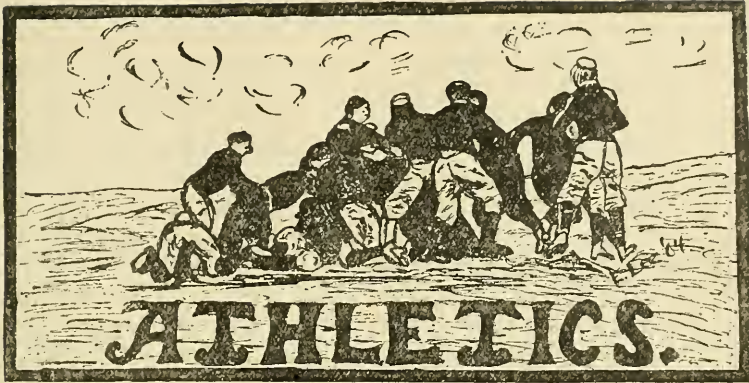
Many of the graduates write interesting letters regarding their positions. C. S. Heller writes entertainingly about farming in the Catskill mountains. He writes: "Farming is much more difficult in this locality than in Bucks county, Pa. Stone hauling is the work before and after plowing, yet the soil is very light and rich."

William J. Serlin is located at Langhorne, Pa. He is in charge of the garden and poultry at the Foulke & Long Institute. He visits the school frequently.

M. Mitzmain writes from an agricultural point of view, in his characteristic style, about his trip to California. His article is very interesting. We will publish it in an early issue of THE GLEANER.

H. Rich was again transferred by the Government. This time from far off Texas to Germantown, Ohio. He writes: "During the past twelve months I have had occasion to work in Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Texas, and have had the opportunity to observe and experience much, not only as pertains to the specialty in which I am engaged—tobacco culture—but also other agricultural lines."

For the benefit of those who wish to correspond with the graduates we will give their addresses in full: Harry Rich, Germantown, Ohio; Harry Weinberg, 7 Canton street, Hartford, Conn.; S. Pizer, Carroll, Iowa; Samuel Kolinsky, Dreer Nurseries, Riverton, N. J.; Morris Lebowitz, Anchorage Farm, Louisville, Ky.; George W. Ibaugh, Berwyn, Pa.; I. Tennenbaum, Orvilla Farms, Lansdale, Pa.; William J. Serlin, Eden, Bucks county, Pa., care Foulke and Long Institute; C. S. Heller, Highmount Terrace, Highmount, N. Y.; J. Goldman, 75 Jackson street, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Goldman works for a creamery house near Chicago.



BASE-BALL.

NEVER before have the students manifested so much interest in the "national game" as they have this year. Many games were played and in only two instances were we unable to bear off our colors triumphantly. This happened when we played on the opposing team's grounds.

In the games played on our home grounds our team always worked in harmony and were able to give the visitors a "walk over."

The game which was long looked forward to, and which by far was the "hottest" contested game of the season, was played on the 19th of June, when the N. F. S. team crossed bats with the H. A. S. team on the latter's ground at Woodbine, N. J. Here, where the game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd, the N. F. S. met its first "Waterloo."

Up to the sixth inning the N. F. S. team failed to score, the score being 3-0. Prospects were very dark for our team, but when Lee came to bat our team brightened up; he succeeded in stealing second base and made the first run for our team when Monblatt, who was next to bat, knocked a two-bagger. Six runs were made in the sixth inning. In the seventh, eighth and ninth innings the H. A. S. team had things their own way and scored ten more runs on costly errors. Some of the features of the game were individual playing; the long running

catch of Newman and Sherr's superior pitching. The line up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E
Isaac, 1st b.....	0	0	1
Lee, 1. f.....	1	0	2
Klein, J., s. s.....	1	1	4
Goldman, J., 3rd b.....	1	1	0
Monblatt, c.....	1	2	0
Newman, c. f.....	0	0	0
Weinman, p.....	0	0	0
Sadler, r. f.....	1	2	0
Levy, 2nd b.....	1	2	0
Totals.....	6	8	7

H. A. S.	R	H	E
Bergman, 1st b.....	1	1	0
Klein, G., r. f.....	2	2	0
Charsky, s. s.....	1	1	2
Brainerd, 2nd b.....	1	2	1
Carotis, 3rd b.....	1	2	0
Goldhaft, c.....	2	3	1
Reibstein, c. f.....	1	0	0
Sherr, p.....	2	1	0
Linden, l. f.....	2	2	0
Totals.....	13	14	4

At a recent meeting of the base-ball team, A. Monblatt and M. Levy were elected captain and manager, respectively, of next year's team.

FOOT-BALL.

Foot-ball is again the game of the season and is now absorbing the attention of our athletes. With a few vacancies yet to fill, our prospects for a good team are fair, and we hope that the season of 1902 will prove to be as suc-

cessful as in previous years. We have enough material to get up a team, but this requires hard and constant practice.

Every student should show loyalty to the team by coming out to see the games, for there is nothing which encourages the players to strive for victory more than to know that their efforts are appreciated.

The services of Mr. Madison have been secured as coach, and by what we have heard of previous work in teams under his direction much is expected of this year's team. A better selection than Hirschowitz, '03, as captain and Borovik, '03, as manager could not have been made.



The Elimination of the Unfit.

The life of an individual is not an established law. There are many mysteries connected with our life awaiting explanation. It is now recognized that "the survival of the fittest" or natural selection is visible among the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom. The unfit eventually perish, while the fit fill their places.

The law's independency does not alter its artificial system which it adopted since the beginning of a new intellectual era; without man's thought of sympathy and pity; without our recognition of the advantages of education, the law would be like the negative and positive pole of electricity, possessing the potential energy only in an uncombined form.

The law does not stand only as a social factor, but also as a moral factor based upon humanity. The weakness and social evils existing among society if eliminated would transform the race into an intellectual, moral and spiritual peoples. Natural selection means more

than it stands for; what excites the heart, what softens its action, becomes the law of mind. The exercise of the heart and mind means happiness to thousands. By conquering crime we conquer the criminals. By cutting off the root of disease and weakness we establish a race strong, pure and noble. Each individual who aids in destroying the forces of evil, and whose sentiments of will act in harmony with the law of "the survival of the fittest," performs an equal share as the great law in itself in producing a new race.

L. A. H., '03.



A Fable--The Fox and the Squirrel

A squirrel one day, while in search for his food, was spied by a fox. The squirrel not wishing to be disturbed by Mr. Wisey, quickened his pace; began to hop from tree to tree so as to lose sight of Mr. Fox. But the fox was not to be fooled by such an unwise and imprudent fellow as the squirrel. The squirrel comprehending his thought of deception, calmly made his way to where Mr. Brainard was, and asked him his object for such critical observation. "I am looking for my friend Mr. Oscar." "Then follow me," was the quick and thoughtful reply. He did as his guide bade him, and they were soon lost in the forest. Farther and farther he led the fox, who soon began to doubt his own safety. The fox, however, understood his motive, but not caring to show his embarrassment followed even further. At last the woods became so thick that for one to be safe he must either know how to hop or fly, hence Mr. Fox was at the mercy of his guide.

MORAL:

He who tries to interfere in the private affairs of others finds himself a prey to all disadvantages of life—failure. The best thing to do is to "mind one's own business."

PERSONALS AND SOCIALS.

THE MORPHEUS CANQUE * * ?

Where'er George Shaw may wander,
 E'en tho' thro' fields afar,
 He always has a faithful friend
 In his plug of "Jolly Tar."

Soph—"What do you suppose the people would say if they saw Pope Leo with a cigar in his mouth?"

Senior—"Holy smoke!"

Neustadt, '05, who separates by hand, believes in the motto "One good turn deserves another."

On Monday evening, July 21, Rabbi Martin Meyers, of California, delivered an interesting lecture upon his recent trip to Jerusalem to the students. Rabbi Manheimer, of Cincinnati, and Foster, of Philadelphia, have also delivered lectures to the students during the summer.

SONG TALK.

The last rows of summer can now be had on the cool lakes.

Since Freides, '05, has been attending to the chickens we have been having *fresh* eggs.

During the summer the students were the recipients of weekly entertainments given through the kindness of Dr. Krauskopf. Miss Elizabeth Storey, the well known elocutionist, was one of the participants. Her recitations were received with delight.

The ancient prophets often sung,

"To see is to believe;"

But modern seras now sing when stung,

"To feel is to bee leave."

On Friday evening, July 18, Dr. Washburn, President of the Rhode Island Agricultural College, gave a friendly talk to the students. Since then Dr. Washburn has become our new Director, to the satisfaction of the board and students.

The beef trust is still in the lead and thus far the public will not meat their prices.

Entomologically speaking, 2nd baseman Levy is a good fly catcher.

Advice to farmers: To give a ram more head power feed him on buckwheat.

Julian's face is very white;

Life for Julian is no joke.

Julian thinks he'll die to-night,

For he's learning how to smoke.

"Time is pressing," said Inspector Malish, as the alarm clock fell upon him with a crash.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN.

He naturally thinks that butter-milk is yellow, and that by pouring hot water down a chicken's throat he can obtain hard boiled eggs. He does not care for cabbage on account of its swelled head and oft imagines the fir to be the warmest of all trees. For him the maple is too stuck up, and he thinks that pineapples are the fruit of the pine tree. He advises to give cows a good supply of water and then they'll never dry up, and to his extensive brain the beetles attack only the beets. He thinks the blue-bell is a well sounding name for a flower, and to finish the climax he never cares to peer into a pond of water because he always sees a reflection of green.

M. Goldman, our business manager, has been taking long walks in the mornings to increase the flow of his circulation.

A certain Sophomore in explaining something in physics made the following statement: "When you condense anything it always makes that thing more difficult to the square inch. For example, take condensed milk." This evidently shows that he has not forgotten his baby habits.

Even the bicycle must sometimes be retired.

Bad times make money scarce. So do good times.

Through the inadvertency of a few subscribers to remit for their yearly subscriptions, we are compelled to ask those who have not as yet paid to kindly do so at an early opportunity.

Prof. M. O. Tripp has been acting Dean of the school since July 1st. Dr. Washburn will assume the duties of Director this month, the title of Dean being discontinued.

John Milton.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.—*Comus*.

John Milton, the Puritan poet, stands with solitary grandeur above the sordidness of his age, and in whose poems we find embodied the history of England in its three stages. In his youthful poems we find portrayed its brilliancy, its festivities and high state of activity, especially in *Il Penserso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*.

In *Paradise Lost* we behold the sway of Puritanism—its cleanliness, its nobility of purpose; the supreme control by a body of men who, God-fearing and psalm-singing, lifted England from degradation of the degraded. By their moral influence they exerted such an effect that the vice-bestricken country lost its balance—excess on the part of one was replaced by the austerity on the part of the other.

In the midst of such an age was John Milton born, and over which he exercised and soared as the highest clipped bird in the kingdom. Born in 1608, he saw the rise and fall of the Stuarts. His education was of the highest order. His mind was pure, austere, yet so imaginative that he creates for us, in his *Paradise Lost*, the incantations of Heaven, the baleful face of Satan; Hell, and all its mysteries.

Milton, however, did not apply his learning and innate faculty to the exclusive development of his art. For twenty years he engaged as a pamphleteer, using his vast stores of knowledge for the free and unlicensed publication of the press. "Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties." It was a bold and audacious measure to attempt in that illiberal age. His tracts on "Divorce" excited public indignation. At a public meeting they were denounced, and all copies ordered to be burned.

He was closely allied with Cromwell's government; with his ascension he be-

came Latin Secretary. England was attacked abroad by some of the most brilliant writers of the age. Salmasius, an eminent scholar and champion of the Royalist cause, wrote a pamphlet on the king's execution. The arguments were too weighty to be discarded. There was but one man qualified to defend the honor of his country. With a fervor of patriotism that stirred his heroic soul and kindled it into fire, he answered his adversary. This he did with such remarkable skill and effect that the defense of Salmasius was forgotten. The services he rendered to the Government finally resulted in the complete loss of sight.

Milton conceived from the first that he was a poet; that he would transmit to paper what he had conceived through the instrumentality of God.

In his youthful age he conceived and elaborated the plan of *Paradise Lost*. It was to be an epic, but not as yet decided in which language it was to appear.

True it is that Milton does not appeal to popular sentiment, but he did not court popular favor. He wrote for the beauty of his art. His production fully approached nearer to sublimity and profundity than any other English poem. So powerful is the poem that Huxley has said: "The false cosmogony of the earth that prevails and which science has proven totally unable to dispel is not derived from Genesis, but the Seventh Book of *Paradise Lost*." This clearly attests the vigor of the poet's imagination. As for imagination, no poem ever conceived, probably, contained so much imagery or dealt with so obscure a subject in such a masterly form.

Milton's effect on the moral nature of man is slight, owing to the fact that his monumental work is for the classical mind, while Shakespeare's works live and become more vital because the moral truths which they contain appeal to the low and high.

His life was one bitter disappointment; first his divorce, then his blindness, and finally the cruel persecution by the king's friends. Through these harrowing scenes Milton, like his *Paradise Lost*, stands out with solitary grandeur. It is the only redeeming feature and production of that unproductive age.

Bob Lewis--A Story of North Dakota.

Continued from page 3.

His mother had been anxiously awaiting his return. It was now past 9.30 P. M. and Bob had not yet arrived. She concluded that he had been delayed in Brookdale; Bob had never come home later than ten. She had already put the children to bed, and fell asleep herself, but was awakened from a deep slumber; and finding that Bob had not arrived she became anxious. Thoughts of fear and doubt began to rack her weary mind; nothing could console her from the thought that something ill had befallen him. Her fears increased a hundredfold when she saw the minutes fly past. Throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she hastens to some of her neighbors nearby; awakes them and with trembling words briefly tells them, and implores them to go and seek her dear beloved son. The neighbors, kind hearted and sympathetic, readily assented. Most of them being hardy backwoodsmen who were familiar with every inch of ground in the surrounding country, a party of men mounted and armed with rifles proceeded along the same road leading to Brookdale. They had ridden about two miles when a terrible growling and yelping was heard. They quickly decided that the growling was that of wolves. They urged their steeds onward and soon reached the ghastly scene.

Bob, whom we have left rushing madly onward pursued by the howling fiends, lost his last weapon of defense in an effort to drive off a wolf who had fastened his teeth into the animal's flesh. The horse gradually began to sink from the heavy weight and overflow of blood. Bob realized his position—only a miracle could save him. He had given up all hopes of escape when he beheld some-

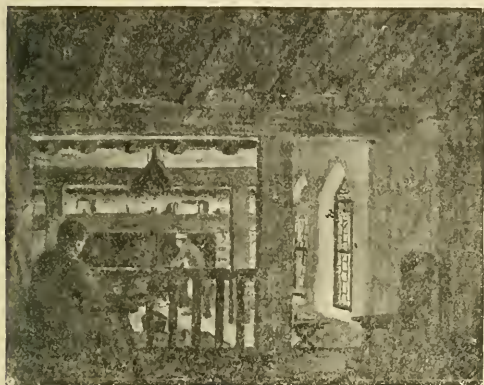
thing that restored his hopes; down the road a few paces in front of him was a great branch projecting outward about two feet above him. Coming near it, he raised himself from the saddle with a tremendous effort and grasped the projecting branch. The brave steed, with an effort to free himself from his enemies, increased his speed, only to fall back a prey to the hungry wolves.

Meanwhile Bob had settled himself firmly in the branches. He lingered there for about two hours, intending to stay there until daylight, when the wolves would disperse. Being in deep thought he forgot himself, and losing his balance fell with a heavy thud to the ground, the weight of the fall rendering him unconscious. The wolves, who had in the meantime devoured the horse, at once set upon him. At this critical moment the lumbermen appeared upon the scene. Seeing their only chance of saving Bob, they quickly cocked their rifles and sent a volley into the pack, who dispersed in every direction. They at once picked up Bob, who was still in an unconscious state. He was covered with blood as a result of being bitten in the shoulder and his clothes were all rent to shreds. After forcing some whisky down his throat he began to show signs of coming to.

His mother was there awaiting their return; the door opened and one of the men who had arrived first, accompanied by some of the neighboring women, stepped into the house. With a trembling voice she asked him if they had found any trace of Bob. He told his story; how Bob had been attacked by wolves, and that the neighbors were bearing him home. She fell in a deadly faint, but after hard and vain efforts she was restored to consciousness when Bob was borne in by the rest of the lumbermen. She rushed over to Bob, threw her arms around his neck, crying bitterly, "Bob, my son." The only response that he could utter was "Mother," and fell back unconscious.

After a week's confinement in bed he became as well as ever. Thus our story ends, excepting he is now a man of fifty, in the prime of life, filling the office of postmaster.

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